

6^d.
THE
L I F E
A N D
CONVERSATION
Of the Pretended
Captain *Charles Newey*;
Together with some
REMARKS
U P O N
A Scurrilous and Scandalous
P A M P H L E T,
C A L L E D,
NEW EY's C A S E.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1700:

8. July.

W. Musgrave.

CONVEYANCE

of the

County of

together with

REMARKS

UPON

Scutious and

M P H L

CALLER

NEWEST CASE

MODERN

Printed for the Author.

Newey's CASE, &c.

IF any Person may be said to be Born without Brains, this pretended Captain is certainly the Man, or else he would never have taken so much pains to create Mischief to himself as he has done. He might have gone on marrying to the end of the Chapter, and lied to Eternity about his Quality, Estate, Reputation, Valour, and the rest of his Cheats, had he not attacked People in the tenderest Points. There is no Body now concern'd would have troubled themselves at his way of Living, had he abstain'd from those Violences which are intolerable, and endeavouring to extort Money, by Suborning false Witnesses to take away the Lives of innocent Persons. Neither is it the Desire of the Parties concern'd, nor would they have been willing to expose him to all the World, had he not been the first Aggressor, and endeavour'd by aspersing the whole Court, Evidence, and Jury, and false Narrations of Matters of Fact, to throw that Odium upon others, which is his due, and make himself innocent, at the Expence of those who are no way Guilty.

Seeing therefore he has not only committed the most unheard of Violences, but endeavour'd to Vindicate the same in Print by a wretched *Narrative*, which *Larkin* alias *Young* wrote for him in Prison, and afterwards by an half Sheet, whereby he Appeals to the Mob, and and would have all sorts of People believe him innocent; it will be necessary, for the Vindication of *Truth* and *Justice*, to Unravel the whole, and lay open the Matter of Fact as really it is, that the World may judge of the Falshood, Malice, and Impudence of the *Author*. And that no Body may be impos'd upon for the future, for want of knowing him, both as to his Qualities and Character, we will set down the History of his Life and Conversation at the end of the other, at least as much of it as is come to our Knowledge upon Authentick proof; whereby it will appear, that instead of Quality, and the Gentility he boasts so much of, he is one of the most Mean, Pitiful, Scandalous, and Infamous Persons upon the Face of the Earth.

This *Narrative* of *Larkin* is so ill perform'd that it is scarce *Grammar*, and is besides full of Ridiculous and Impertinent Phrases, but after his Execution, some passages have been alter'd, and many things added. But instead of mending the Matter, they have made it worse, and in some places rendred the Sense imperfect, and in others made it flat Nonsense. After all this the Cub wanted licking, for they were fain to clear it as much as might be from Reflections upon the *Judges* and other Persons of *Note* upon the *Bench*, and at last of all, it had never been Printed but for the Charity of his Female Visitants; and especially of a Young Woman that lives in *Holbourn*, over against *Hand-Alley*, who supplied him a little before the Publication of it, and was made so very Drunk, that she could not go, but was fain to be sent home in a Coach.

*a Quaker's
daughter.*

Larkin Prefaces his Pamphlet, with telling the World how ill *Newey* has been us'd by his Inhumane and Barbarous Sister. That tho' he has suffer'd the Law, yet he is innocent; and that therefore his *Judge* and *Jury* have done him wrong; That now he is resolv'd to lie under the Defamation no longer, but to Vindicate himself, &c. Well, I see if he can but get off the Dirt that's plaster'd on his Face, he cares not where he throws it. Alas, poor Man, It is a sad thing to have a Sister that will neither be hang'd, nor pay 105 Guineas quietly. It is a wretched thing when a Woman will stand in ~~her~~ her own Justification, and not suffer her self to be bullied out of her Money. But 'tis the Saddest thing of all, when a Court of Judicature shall pretend to Condemn a Man, that makes such a Figure as this pretended Captain does. But I shall pass these by, they being the Subject Matter ensuing; and only take notice that *Larkin* after this, brings in a Sentence about *Conscience* and *Truth*. 'Tis true, the Period is imperfect, but I cannot but take notice, what a fine World we are like to have when the Devil corrects Sin; the one being Hang'd for his Conscience, and the other Shop'd up in *Newgate* for his Truth. However, something must be said to make things appear with some tolerable Face; but he should have left out what follows about *Religion*, *Greek* and *Latin*, because taken together they are Nonsense, and at best, impertinent and foreign to the Purpose: And in the mean time, I believe, that as some Men Cut the Throat of their Religion by contending for it, so he will make his Guilt appear greater by his pretended Vindication.

He begins his Vindication with a pretended kindness for his Brother; and I make no manner of doubt, but to convince the World of the falshood of that pretence by clear Demonstration, as will be seen by what follows:

About *Whitsontide* 1699, he was Arrested by one *Emersume* a Bailiff, for an impertinent piece of Vanity and Pride; to wit, going upon the Bench of Justices at *Westminster*, and being Sawcy, pretending that he was a Justice of Peace in *Norfolk*. Hereupon he sends to his Sister for Bail, and 40 s. But she (because her Husband was out of Town, and the Neighbourhood knew him to have but a sandy Foundation, and to be nothing but a meer Eunce) refus'd both the one and the other.

This angered him, but it came not to a Breach till about two Months after, when he was Arrested again. Then it seems Money being something low, he sends *Ferreur* his Wife with some things to Pawn for 10 l. But when she came to the Broker he would lend but 4 l. upon them. Upon this she comes to Mrs. *Newey*, and begs to lend her something to Pawn for the Money, for her Husband would Murder her if she went home without it, promising to send her a Gown and Petticoat to redeem it the next Day. She refus'd it at first, but being melted into Compassion by her Tears and Crying, because she knew he had that abominable faculty of beating all his Wives immeasurably, lent her a Silver Tankard worth Nine Pound, or thereabouts, to carry along with the other things. But she not coming the next Day according to her Word, nor hearing any thing in a Week or Fortnight, and her Husband being out of Town, she began to be afraid, and sent for it. Not getting it, and often asking for this Tankard begat some Words, which occasion'd *Newey* to send a Letter to his Brother (who was at that time at *Cobham* in *Surry*, for the benefit of the Air,) containing these Words.

Dear Brother, I have been coming to see you several times, but have been prevented by your Wife, who is a sad Bitch to any that belongs to you. Being Arrested, I sent to her to borrow 40 s. Damn her if she would, or stir over the Door to do me least piece of Service. Pray come home, and mind your Business your self, and do not depend upon her who does not care if you were Hang'd. I could tell you what would surprize you, if I thought you would believe me, but whether you do or no, I do not care. This is all from your Affectionate Brother,

Charles Newey.

Poscript. I must confess I am in a strange Rage with your Wife; pray let me see you as soon as you can.

In a Fortnight after this Letter was sent, her Husband comes to Town, and in Two Hours after, *Newey* comes to his Brother, who ask'd him, If he was not ashamed to send such a Letter? He after his usual way of Complementing, upon the least occasion of Disgust, calls him *Rogue* and *Rascal* for taking the *Bitch's* part, that would not lend him Money when he wanted it; and the Quarrel rose to that height, that her Husband took him by the Shoulders and turn'd him out of the Shop. This was about two Months after *Whitsontide*: But still the Tankard came not; and therefore his Brother sent frequently to him, and threatned to Arrest him if he did not restore it. Upon this, *Newey* sent for *John Porter* who Pawn'd the things, and commanded him to tell him where they were, otherwise he would force him by a Warrant he pretended to have in his Pocket. *Porter* refus'd to tell him, because he believ'd he had a Design upon the Tankard; but however, gave him fair Words, and that Day being *Sunday*, promised to come to him the next Day, and shew him where they were. In the mean time he fell to threatning his Brother after an extravagant manner; saying among other things, *That he would stay till his Brother was gone done to Sturbridge-Fair, and then he would come with a Warrant and seize all his Goods; for there was nothing in the House of any value, but what was his: That his Trunk had been broke open, and he would Swear Felony against him; and further, threatned his Life.*

This News being told his Brother, so startled him, that he had thoughts of laying aside his Journey to *Sturbridge*. But his Goods being pack'd up, and finding it would be a great damage to him to desist from his Design; he consulted with his Friends and Neighbours, and was advis'd to Swear the Peace against him, in order to secure his Person and Goods. He got a Warrant from Sir *Charles Lee* accordingly, and went with a Constable to serve it, but not finding him, they return'd without any noise. The next Day he set forwards on his Journey, and his Wife was to follow him in two or three Days. But to her great Surprise, the Night before she was to go away, he comes with a Warrant from Justice *Ireton* to search for Goods stolen out of his Trunk, which (he said) had been broke open, and that he missed a Silver Porringer worth 15 s. a Silver Candlestick, 20 s. a Chain-Ring, 10 s. and two Silver Spoons; when he never had any of the aforementioned Goods, except the Ring, which he gave her four or five Years before, in the presence of his Brother *Joseph* a Soldier, who afterwards Swore the same before Judge *Turton*.

He confidently tells the World in his Pamphlet, that he had several Trunks at his Brother's, wherein was contain'd all that he had; and that they were broke open while he was in *Norfolk*; whereas there was but one talk'd of in the Court, neither did he so much as pretend there was any more; and upon search, there was nothing found by the Constables but

a White Feather, some few bits of *Bristol Rock*, which had been thrown up and down for a long time. He laid claim indeed to a Book or two, which were none of his, and a Chain-Ring upon his Sister's Finger.

The Truth is, there was an old Trunk, which had been left a Year and half, ever since he Lodg'd in the House, and his Sister very well knew what was in it; because *Ferrear* sending a Letter to *Newey* that she was near her time, desir'd him to send her some second-hand Clouts, whereupon he comes to his Sister to buy them in *Long-lane*, and prayed her to go up with him to search his Trunk, if there was any thing that might be useful. Where opening his Trunk, and turning over his things, there was nothing in it but a couple of old Shirts, some Books and Papers, and an old Coat. Besides, *Newey* sends for this Trunk to his Lodging in the *Pall-Mall*, and it was carried by *John Porter*, on *Whitson-Tuesday*, about the time of the first Arrest; and was two Months in his Possession before the falling out, and not a word mention'd of being broke open, or any thing lost all that time. Nor did he demand 105 Guineas till after the falling out; nor is there any likelihood, if it had been due, that the Wife would have denyed to send him 40 s. when he was Arrested. Nor the Husband demand a Tankard with repeated threatning, when it lay in his Power to quit Scores with them, by taking a due and regular course for his Money.

His design was to get Money, and therefore he sends *Mrs. Tyson*, *Mr. Watson* and his Wife, to compound the Matter. Being willing (as he Phrases it) to put a stop to all Proceedings, as a certain sign of his Brother's innocence. He tells us too, that he put off the Tryal at his Sick Brother's desire, if any Body will believe him, but it was only out of hopes that his Brother might be perswaded to comply with him. And accordingly *Watson* and his Wife came and advis'd to give him 20 l.

About this time came on the Sessions at *Hicks's Hall*. He goes thither, and prefers a Bill of Indictment against his Brother, for breaking his Trunks, and taking away several things of Value; It was found upon his single Evidence, and pretending that the Rogue had absconded himself, he obtain'd a Bench-Warrant to apprehend him; when at the same time he knew very well, that he was upon Business at *Sturbridge Fair*. He was so hot upon the Execution of this Warrant, that he would fain have had him fetch'd up from *Sturbridge*, and proffer'd Money accordingly, but could not get any Body to go; but as soon as he came home, he procur'd him to be taken up, and was so diligent, that he went with the Constable to see and assist in serving the Warrant; and as soon as they had done it, they carried him before *Sir Charles Lee*, where good Bail being proffer'd, *Sir Charles* would have accepted it, but he told him it was a Bench-Warrant for Felony, and that it was not in his Power to accept of Bail. Whereupon *Sir Charles* made his Mittimus for *Newgate*; and he was so industrious and diligent that he went before to take him a Lodging, hoping by this means to get both him and his effects into his own Power, because he was very Weak, and might in all likelihood Dye there. But to his great Grief he was prevented in his design; for several of his Neighbours went back to *Sir Charles*, and Testified that he would not live if he was sent to *Newgate*, and upon it he alter'd his Mittimus, and sent him to *New-Prison*; and he was Bail'd out the next Day. *Newey* upon this, fretted like a Madman, and because he would Torment him, Searched the House with an old Warrant, with which he had search'd it two or three times before, and shewed a Warrant of High Treason to the Neighbours, which (he said) would be sure to hold him.

When the Tryal came on, the Prisoner appear'd at the *Old Baily*, where the Prosecutor being call'd, he excus'd himself, and said, *He was not ready*; and in the mean time sets his Emiffaries to make up the Matter; and proffered for 10 Guineas to forfeit his Recognizance. The next Day the Prisoner appeared a second time, and was carried in a Chair, because of his extreme Weakness. The Tryal was put off again, by the Prosecutor's Counsel; and they afterward Declared to some of the Prisoner's Friends, that in case the Tryal had come on, they would have excused the matter, by saying, That the main Evidence was beyond Sea. The third Day he Dyed, and so put an end to all Proceedings.

And now, let all the World judge of the Truth of what he Affirms, that the Tryal was deferr'd from time to time, and put off at his Sick Brother's desire; and whether there ever was a more Roguish, Violent, and Barbarous Prosecution. 'Tis true, the main Design was to Extort Money from him, (and he had made several Overtures of compounding the Matter, by *Mr. Watson* and his Wife and others:) Yet, there is no doubt to be made, but he intended to cast him if he could; for he had the Vanity to declare several times, That if he were Condemn'd, he had that Interest in the Government, that he could save his Life. It will be clear, that he took all the care he could to get his Brother Condemn'd, by his Endeavours to obviate two Objections, which he believ'd might be Rubs in his way.

The first was the Evidence of *John Porter*, who could Swear he delivered the Trunk without Damage, and that there was no complaint at the Delivery thereof. Him therefore he sends for, and desired him to Write his Name to a piece of Paper, and he not Dreaming of any Consequence, did it. To this he prefixes a Bond of 50 l. Security for the Truth

of a Boy, and turning away the Boy, immediately throws Porter into the Kings-Bench. But in about a Fortnights time, he comes and tells him, He would release him, provided he would be an Evidence for him about the 105 Guineas, and do him no injury at his Tryal.

The other was of his Brother Joseph the Soldier, who had already Sworn before Judge Turton, that he saw him give the Ring to his Sister three or four Years before. To him he gives a Suit of Cloaths, with a Crown in Money, to keep him out of the way, and afterwards giving him a large Dose of Liquor, made him set his Hand to a piece of Paper; and though he fail'd in the other, he had such success in this, that he never after appeared against him.

There is nothing here related as Matter of Fact, but what will be made good, either by the Testimony of the Neighbours, or other unexceptionable Proof; whereas he in his Pamphlet only tells a Story which has no regard to Truth, but his own Advantage; and he tells it so Improbably, Incoherently, and Ridiculously, that it will be an hard Matter for any indifferent and unprejudic'd Person to believe it. Who can believe after all this, what he says in his Pamphlet; To wit, that he had no design upon his Brother's Life, that the thing for which he was Indicted, was only a Breach of Trust, and purely done to induce him to let him alone? For my part, I cannot see which way his Brother did any Violence to him, unless it were to Swear the Peace against him, which was very reasonable; unless he will count it unreasonable for a Man to demand his own. This Brother brought him to London, and maintained him, put him out as a Foot-Boy, and into several Places, and though he always run away, yet he still help'd him to his Power; and at last it appears that he brought up a Bird to pick out his own Eyes. As for Newey's part, he regarded nothing; Money was the thing he wanted, and he car'd not how he came by it, though it were by his Brother's blood, and purely Sacrific'd to so poor a Design. But that the World may be thoroughly satisfied of the great Kindness he had for his Brother, I will produce a Letter under his own Hand, sent to his Brother about a Week before his Death; whereby it appears that he regarded his Soul and Body both alike.

I have once more (Ungrateful Wretch as thou art) given my self the Trouble of Writing to thee, to put thee in Mind of thy Crime against God and me, which will certainly never be forgiven thee here or hereafter. If thou dost not wish all speed sincerely Repent, and make an Atonement in thy Power, not only of the Damage done my Reputation, which 500 l. will not make amends for thy late Perjury, against one that has done for thee beyond what thou couldst expect or desire. Thy Ruin is intirely in my Power; but I am afraid the Devil and thy Cursed Wife, whose Ruin is likewise in my Pocket, will not let thee believe it to be true, but rather push thee on to thy Destruction; the one to be rid of thee in this World, and the other to enjoy thee in the next. Be assured (thou worst of Men) that I can have no Pleasure, Satisfaction or Profit in thy Ruin, which I am afraid thine and thy Wifes railing against me to every one, though it does me more Good than Harm, will force me to bring thee to thy Destruction sooner than I am willing. Ask the Great God pardon, and beg his assistance against the great interest and share the Devil has in thee. I have sent thee a Copy to prove my Debt, and thy Villany, that thou mayest Consult thy little Lawyers for a Defence against me; and I do assure thee, I shall be like a Rock against all, thou, or any like thee, can do against me. I pray for thy Conversion and Preservation from the Gallows, and am willing to Merit Heaven in pardoning thee, if I saw any true sign of Repentance in thee, which can act the Dying Man so well, which will stand thee in no stead, when I serve the Warrant of High Treason upon thee. I give my self too much trouble, and thee too much Honour, who am
Charles Newey.

Because he makes mention of a Copy to prove his Debt, I will here subjoin it, as a Foolish as well as Knavish business, for he Swears he came to Mr. Newey's Shop to buy Goods, on the 18th of September, and they came not from Scarbridge till the 21st. of the same Month; because they staid longer then ordinary, for the benefit of the Air.

Edward Clement, of the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, makes Oath, that on the 18th of September, he came to Mr. John Newey's House in Holbourn, to buy some Goods of him for a Relation; and after some time, the said John Newey told him This Deponent, Captain Newey, had Arrested him the said John for 105 Guineas; but he hoped, and desired this Deponent would assist him in preventing the Captain's recovering the said Sum; for though he had the before mentioned Sum, yet would he not pay the Captain one Farthing, for he was a Rascal and a Villain, and other such like Scurrilous Characters did he give the Captain. And farther, this Deponent declared it to be true, and that the said John Newey did shew him a Receipt in full of all Accounts as from the Captain, which seemed to be like the said Captain's Hand-Writing; but the said John told him he had Counterfeited it, and wished he could get any one to Justifie it, as given him by the Captain, with one he had already provided for that purpose. And those that would do him that piece of Service, should never repent it, neither should they be in any manner of Danger; for he had taken such Measures to prevent the Captain's receiving the said Sum, nor being believed by any, he

' he was sure he would be Ruin'd in his Reputation at least, and several other things of this Nature did he tell him, which this Deponent will Declare in any of his Majestie's Courts, if required.

Sign'd

Edward Clement,

Jurat Coram me,
S. Keck.

To prove this pretended Debt, he produces a Note under his Brother's Hand, importing that he was either to pay the Money, or produce him a Hackney-Coach License in Three Days: Attested by one Ball a Servant of his, who is since not to be found. His Brother did not want Money to purchase several Coach-Licenses, if there had been occasion; and it is very silly to believe he should purchase a thing, and oblige himself to part with it, if the Money was not paid in so small a time as Three Days. And besides, it is very strange that he should lend so considerable a Sum, under the single Attestation of a Person so Fugitive and Volatile, that he had neither the tie of Marriage, nor any other Obligation to keep him in one Place. Any other Person that had no better Evidence for such a Sum, would either have kept him till the Money had been paid, or some sufficient Security obtained. Why was not Sarah Laph's Hand or Mark to the Note, as well as Ball's, seeing she was by at the same time? He has done Foolishly, to commit a thing of such Consequence to Memory only, and he is serv'd accordingly. For when she came into Court, she could Swear to nothing, but there was some Guineas upon the Table, and that she neither knew who lent them, or whether they were lent or no. The Captain had dressed up an Affidavit for her, and she would not Swear to it: The Servant is run away, and Clement run'd Tail; so that upon the whole, instead of being paid his Money, he renders himself violently suspicious of committing a Cheat.

But (he says) when her Husband was Arrested, he confess'd it before the Neighbours: This is easily said, and therefore he should have proved it. Why did he not bring those Neighbours into Court? I suppose they dwell in terra Incognita, or else are run away after the stray'd Servant. But now to use his own Words, it is evident to the World, that there is great reason to believe that his Brother never borrowed the pretended Sum. He has nothing to justify it but pretended Notes, with a silly Witness, and he not to be found; and Prints an Affidavit for a Girl, which she cannot Swear to; so that instead of making the Matter evident to the World, he has given us no Evidence at all. On the other hand, I must not forget one thing, because it is of great Importance, viz. That Counsellor Munday, Mr. Turner, Captain Isaac, and several other Neighbours, coming to visit his sick Brother, just before his Death; he was asked in their presence, whether he owed his Brother any Money? And he, holding up his Hands, answered, That as he expected quickly to appear before the great Judge of Heaven and Earth, he owed him nothing, and was innocent of the Crime laid to his Charge. And this very Brother, his most malicious and barbarous Prosecutor, coming to view his Corps, by a pretended Order, relented so far, that he said before all the Company, that he would stab any Man that should say, Jack Newey was not an Honest Man, and that he was innocent of the Crime for which he was Prosecuted.

His Brother's Death put an end to the Prosecution, but not to the Designs of this pretended Captain; for finding he himself left out of the Will, and the Morfel which he expected, fall'n besides his Mouth, was resolv'd to try his Fortune once more; and therefore, First, puts his Wife into Doctor's Commons, pretending she was never Married, and that his Brother Dyed Non Compos Mentis. This put them both to a great deal of Charge, and was like to prove Dilatory, and therefore would not supply his Pocket in any reasonable time, or at least so soon as he wanted it: and for this reason, he was resolv'd to make quick work, and Hang her out of the way, if she would not comply. But before he begun, he thought it convenient to do as Wise Generals use to do before a Siege; To wit, offer terms of Composition before he begins to batter the Place. So he having some hope, that milder Courses might do something, first sends her this Letter;

Madam,

'Tho' I am inform'd you were never Married to my Brother, yet I cannot think, you who have so well acted your part, so void of Reason to ruin your self, because advised to it, by those that get by it, or know nothing of the Matter, or else would be glad to see both of us Hang'd. Your Destruction will signifie nothing to me, neither can I much blame you, for making use of the Methods you did to gain your Ends. I am advis'd to send you this, to make what use of it you can to my Prejudice: I am sure you will not believe one Word of any thing I can say, till it happens. You have flatter'd your self with the hopes of ruining me, and for that purpose have sent out your Spies for Hannah Goodridge; and the Doctor, not forgetting Mr. Joseph Newey, and furnish them with Money and ways to accomplish my Destruction. But poor Creatures, all is in vain, and I am ready to answer any Action, or any thing whatsoever, and do this, that no blame may lie at my Door.

Therefore, if you are taken up and Prosecuted, not by me, but by those you have trusted more, who are two or three in Number, and should by a Miracle be acquitted; it will cost you near 100 L. half as much in Doctor's Commons, and something to prove your Marriage, and above 100 L. in Chancery, and my Debt must at last be paid, and no small Damage recover'd for making my Wife to leave me, and for harbouring a notorious Whore to take away my Life, that you might not pay what's due to one, if you gave 500 L. for the wrong done him, it would be but what ought. I do believe it your Interest to pay the 105 Guineas, and let me have my things sent me, that there may be an end of every thing. You are sensible I was promis'd from time to time what he would leave me, and in hopes of which he made me treat him, and give him things, and like a Villain took what he could get of mine. And though he was so to me, I will not suffer any one to call him so, because it is an Affront to me, and so your Witnesses will be of no use to you. I am afraid he is gone a dark way, but I give my self too much trouble. If I have nothing of you but what I recover by Law, no thanks to you for it. Let me have your Answer by the Bearer, that I may know what to do.

This Letter had no Name subscribed to it.

This Letter producing no Effect, he goes to a Justice of Peace, to know whether he could not swear *Felony* against his Sister, for breaking open his Trunk, as he had sworn before against his Brother; for he would have sworn it against both of them if he could: But the Justice told him, That since he had already sworn it against the Husband, he could not swear it afterwards against the Wife. Upon this he desisted from that design, and procures one Jones, an old Acquaintance of his, (that was Fellow-Player in *Bartholomew-Fair* with him,) to swear *Clipping* and *Coining* against her before a Justice of Peace in the City, by the Name of *Ambrell*, and got a Warrant of High Treason against Mrs. Newey. As soon as this was done, Newey carries him before Justice Ellis, and pretending *Ambrell* was gone to *Winfor*, desired him to take the Information of Jones, which Newey had before written with his own Hand, and is as followeth:

The Information of Edward Jones.

'Who saith, that about the middle of *December* last, he became acquainted (together with one *Ambrell*) with *Margaret Newey*. The first time he came there, the said *Ambrell* did only converse with the said Mrs. Newey; the second time, which was about four or five days afterwards, the said Newey was not at home. Upon the *Tuesday* following, about five days after that, he with this *Ambrell* aforesaid, did come to the said Mrs. Newey, and he asked this Deponent, If he could keep a Secret? This Deponent answered affirmatively, provided it might be advantageous to him. Then the said *Ambrell* asked him, If he would go over to *Holland*, to pay away some Money that he would entrust this Deponent with; and said withal, That he should get so much by it, that he should not repent his Voyage. And immediately upon this, he, this Deponent, together with the said *Ambrell*, went to Mrs. Newey's House, and the said *Ambrell* conducted this Deponent into a Cellar, where there was a Charcole Fire, and a Melting Pot upon the Fire, the Pot seeming to this Deponent to be about half full; and he did likewise see a Flask, and he did see the said Mrs. Newey take out the Mettle with a Ladle, and poured it into the Flask, and laid it some time before the Fire, and then opened the said Flask, and eight pieces of Mettle then came out of the said Flask, in the form of Half Crowns; and afterwards he did see the said *Margaret Newey* Coyn nine pieces of Counterfeit *English Money*, in the likeness of Half Crowns.

Upon this Information a Warrant was Granted, and not long after Served, upon Mrs. Newey; the most considerable of the Neighbourhood, being sensible of the Malitidus Prosecution of Newey against his deceased Brother, appeared in her behalf, gave in 4000 L. Bail, 3000 L. more than was desired; and, fearing the Evidence would not appear at the Tryal, desired the Justice to take a Recognizance with some Housekeepers for Jones his Appearance to Prosecute. Newey offered to be Bail, but was not taken; but however gave him a Crown, and told him, he would find Bail that night, and have the Justice reprimanded for Committing the King's Evidence. While Jones was in *Newgate*, Newey came frequently to him, and gave him Money to subsist, and applied himself to Doctor *Newton*, Master of the *Mint*, to Prosecute with Vigour. Sometime after, and before the Sessions began, Newey himself was Committed to *Newgate*, by the Recorder, for two Wives, and other Matters; which coming to the Ears of Jones, caused him then, and not before, to make a Discovery; and then he sent for Justice Ellis, and acquainted him with the whole Matter, viz. That he was to have ten Guineas from Newey; and for the same he was to Swear that he was the Husband of *Hannah Goodridge*, one of his Wives; that he, with him, was to go into *Doctors Commons*, and Swear, his Brother was not *Compos mentis*; and to sum up all, was to swear High Treason against his Sister, in two several places, that they might have two Evidences to the matter, and make it without Dispute, and that he had done all this, and was much troubled in Mind, and heartily Sorry for the same.

And

And now, who shall afterwards believe one word such a Fellow shall say, when he has the Impudence to assert, That his Sister sent *Jones* to him? Is it credible, that any Woman should hire a Man to swear against her self? or give a Weapon into the Hand of her Enemy to wound her self withal? For shame, *Fool*, lay thy Lyes better together, or else thou wilt not obtain the Credit of an Oister-Woman. This is such another Lye, as that he tells about his Sister's being a Servant to his Brother; the contrary whereof is true, and known to Hundreds; to wit, That she married him, while he himself was Servant to my Lady *Ransford*. But he cares not what he writes, nor whether true or false, if it make for his purpose; and I believe no Man living ever saw such a Medley of Incredible Lyes, Nonsense and Railing.

As to the Marriage of *Hannah Goodridge*, he treats it with the uttermost Contempt; and if he had said, that he had never known her, considering his Impudence, I should not have wonder'd at it. But since the force of Truth compels him to own, that he do's know her; he tells so improbable a Lye, as the occasion of it, that it sounds strangely in the Ears of any reasonable Person, viz. That she was Servant in an House where he Lodg'd; but he tells us neither the Street, Sign, nor Names of the Persons; and therefore it may be suppos'd to be in *Nubibus*. But there they made a Bargain, and she was to help him to a Young Lady with 1000*l*. It seems the Lady liv'd in the Country, because *Goodridge* left her Service upon't, and went down to her Aunt's, near *Northampton*; and when he had done Visiting a Shoemaker at *Brumigham*, and some poor People, that were of Kin to the Bellows-maker his Father at *Drayton* in *Staffordshire*, he comes to her, and found her ready to carry on the Intreague aforesaid; but the Design miscarrying, he came to *London* again. Here's a Tale of a Tub indeed, without either Top or Bottom. He neither tells us his own Lodging, nor the Lady's Name, nor what Country, Town or Place she liv'd in. He does not tell us whether he went to *Drayton* a Foot or an Horseback, or whether he did not call in at her Aunt's by the way; because we can prove, they both went down, and came up again in Duke *Capern's* Waggon, the Carrier of *Tosser*, which place is not above two or three Miles from her Aunt's. With the same Impudence, a little aiter, he forges a Note under her Mother's Hand, where she styles her Daughter, *Hannah Goodridge*, and not *Newey*. *Goodridge's* Mother is since Dead; but we can prove by Mrs. *Boughton*, to whom the Note is directed, that she never receiv'd any such Note, Bill, or Order, nor owed her any Money at all, and by the Witnesses *Mary* and *Ann Pratt*, that they never set their Hands to any such thing. He that will swear any thing himself, and cause others to forswear themselves, will not scruple to forge Notes when he has occasion; and he has done it in such a form, that it is more like a Merchants Bill, than the Familiarity of two Sisters in the Country. Poor Man! he tells Lyes as fast as he can, to shuffle off the Credit of the thing; but he tells them so fillily, that any Body may easily see through them. But that all the World may be convinc'd of the egregious Falsity of this Man, we will inform the Reader of the Truth of the Story, and prove it by such Witnesses, as either have or will justify every part thereof.

Newey was a Common Soldier in *Germany*, notwithstanding his pretence to a Captain, *Lieutenant*, and what not, as shall appear at large in a little time, and was one of Lord *Montcassell's* Regiment of Foot, which among other Forces, went to besiege *Rhinefield*; where, being upon an Attack, he play'd such a Cowardly Trick, and was so bately jeer'd and abus'd for't, that he deserted, and came home by the way of *Holland*; where by the way he cheated a Dutch-Man, that dealt into *England*, by forging a Bill of Ten Pounds, upon one Sir *John Newey* his Brother, which he said liv'd in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, near the Lady *Ransford's*; whereas there was no such Person, nor any other but *John Newey* the Glover in *Holbourn*. How he spent this Money I know not, but he came back very poor, and was reliev'd by his Brother and other Persons. But finding it a great difficulty to live upon Charity, he bethought himself of an old Acquaintance of his that kept an *Intelligence Office* to help Servants to places: The Woman's Name was *Winslow*, and she liv'd in *Robinhood-Court* in the *Strand*; thither he went to get a Service; and one day, as he sat waiting in the Office, he saw *Hannah Goodridge* and her Sister come, as he suppos'd for Places; and because they appear'd something finer than ordinary, and went up Stairs, he believ'd them worth his Acquaintance, and therefore gets two Pots of Ale, and goes up to them, where he got this Information; that they Lodg'd at the *Three Golden-Spurs* in *Shug-Lane*. He diligently made his Addresses, and especially about Dinner time, till one Mrs. *Cooper*, who now lives in *Westminster*, help'd him to a Foot-man's place, at Sir *Robert Cotton's*. But however this hinder'd not his Visits and Courtship; and in time he gain'd so much upon *Hannah Goodridge*, that she was resolv'd to Marry him. But he, on the other hand, had no design of Marriage at all, but finding she had some Money and Goods, was resolv'd to Cheat her of what he could; and therefore, pretending a desire to Marry her, got a fine Suit of Clothes, a good Wigg, and some Money in his Pocket; and as they were going to be Married at *St. Pancras Church*, he sheer'd off in *Lamb's Conduit-Fields*, and ran away. All the Comfort she had under this Misfortune was, that she knew where to find him, to wit, at his Brothers; but because she was known there, she disguises her self in Men's Apparel, and went with a Warrant to his Brother's Shop, where she espied her Spark,

sitting upon the Counter. Upon this she goes to a Constable, shows her Warrant, and the Man, and seiz'd him in the Shop; he was carried before a Justice of the Peace, and one Mr. Lorton (a Gentleman to whom she had been Servant) standing her Friend, she got most of her things again.

About a Month or five Weeks before this, he comes to one Mr. Hollingworth, who had been formerly a Minister of the *Church of England*, but in Obedience to his Plot time forsook his Living, and turn'd *Roman Catholic*. These two were old Acquaintance, for he meeting with Newey upon the Road from *St. Omers* to *Paris*, and seeing him, a Boy of about Twelve Years of Age, who might come to good, took Compassion of him; and, because he had not Clothes sufficient to keep him warm, gave him an old Morning Gown to cover his Nakedness; and, there being many in Company, some body else gave him a pair of Shoes. When they came to *Paris*, Hollingworth (to save Money) went into the *New Converts*, (a place that maintains Converts three or four Months, when they first come to *Paris*) Newey got in after him, and he there set him Copies, and taught him to write, and now and then gave him a *Petit Piece* to encourage him. His Rudeness and ill Nature was complain'd of; but he, believing that Age would make him wiser, still indulg'd him; and when he was going to be turned out for ill behaviour, he interceded for him, and by representing that he was a poor Boy, utterly destitute of both Friends and Help, kept him in. There were several *English* in the same place, and particularly one Crosse, a Boy something elder than he, who lives now in *St. James*, and has since given good Proof of being an Honest Man. Newey therefore finds out, and makes Application to Hollingworth, because he had experienced his Friendship towards him, and besought him almost with Tears, to permit him to lie with him for a Week or two, till such time as he could get into some business, or otherwise provide for himself. He was unwilling at first, but he told him so many Stories of his great Doings and Sufferings, that he took Compassion on him again (having been formerly us'd to do him good) and did him several kindnesses, treating him with Ale in his Chamber, and other places, and carrying him to Dinner, when he believ'd he wanted it. For at that time, Hollingworth had business, which consisted in Translating *French*, with Mr. Richard Woolley a Minister, who was a great Master of the *French Language*, and wrote the Complete Library which went in Woolley's Name, till going Chaplain to Sea, in Admiral Russell's Expedition to the *Streights*, he left it to Hollingworth, who refusing afterwards to subscribe his Name, caused it to be published without an Author, till the time of its laying down. These things, with some others which he did for the Press, were his chief support at that time, and it was such as might enable him now and then to do a small Charity for a Person he believed was in want. When he had been with him a Month or five Weeks, he became fine of a sudden, but he would not tell which way, till in about a Week's time he had lost them again. Then he related the Story in every particular, with some Additions of his own, and though he could not but blame him, yet there was something in it so Comical, that it made him laugh, and by degrees he began to pity his Misfortune. This passed for some time; when he comes, and told him he was inform'd of a way to Redeem all, which was to Marry her by a Priest, and get some Body to pass for such an one, say a few words in *Latin*, and so persuade her that she was really married. The other told him, he was of Opinion it might succeed, provided he could persuade the Woman, and get some body that could do it. He said, he had a Friend an *Irishman*, and he believed he could persuade him. This succeeded not, and he could get no body, and therefore came to Hollingworth, and told him, He could get no body to do it as it should be, that he was his old Friend, and that this Advantage would be his Wife, and therefore begged him to undertake it, and it should not only be buried in Eternal Silence, but that he would be grateful to his Power. Hollingworth rejected it at first, with Indignation, and withal told him, that he could not Marry him, but it would be a Marriage indeed, because of his Orders in the *Church of England*.

This perplexed him, and he went up and down to find another Person, but finding no body fit for it, that he could rely upon, he was resolv'd to use his uttermost efforts to persuade Hollingworth, and having the opportunity of being with him Night and Day, he us'd all Arguments, Arts and Entreaties, for three Weeks or a Month together. And at length Hollingworth began to consider, that though he could not chuse but Marry him, yet he was a foolish young Fellow, and it might do him a kindness, That, notwithstanding she had but little, she might prove an Industrious Woman, and help to put him into some way that would get a Livelihood, and make them happy. That when he was once fix'd, and rightly inform'd of his case, that silly Humour would vanish, and he would betake himself to the Yoke, and endeavour to live in the World. That if any Dissatisfaction should happen, it would not arise to that height as to cause them to part, that few did it of so mean a Condition, and if things went to the worst, and he should do it, he would not dare to venture of another for fear of the Law. And therefore, upon all accounts, it was probable he would be silent, or if any noise were made, it would be confin'd within the number of a few particular Persons, and last no longer than the Quarrel, and extinguish as Fire do's for want of Fuel to feed it. Upon these Considerations, Hollingworth prevail'd upon himself (though with a great deal of trouble

and

and dissatisfaction) to do him the kindness, and therefore told him, That if he would live with her like an Husband, and endeavour to perform his part, he would humour him so far, as to go under the Notion of a Priest, and Marry him in Latin, as much as the thing would bear, without giving her cause of Suspition, that the Joining of Hands, Pronuntiation of Marriage, and the Putting on the Ring, must be done in English: That the Women, tho' they know not Latin, do yet understand those things well enough, and that he must be left to judge what was fit in such Cases. He agreed to all, and was so well pleas'd, that immediately he went away to the Woman, and in a few Days space brought her to be willing. The Place agreed upon, was a Room in *Somerset-House*, and thither he brings *Hannah Goodridge*, and one *Mrs. Greener*, the Woman of the House where she lodg'd, who is since Dead, about Eleven of the Clock in the Morning, where *Hollingworth* had staid some time expecting them. And there with a *Latin Common-Prayer-Book*, which he brought along with him on purpose; he Married them in manner and form following: The Preface, and all that proceeds what we call the *Bidding*, was pronounced in *Latin*, and when he came to that, asked them in *English* after the usual form; *Charles, Wilt thou have this Woman?* &c. and when he had said Yes. He asked the Woman, *Hannah, Wilt thou have this Man?* &c. and after she had said Yes, he ordered them to join Hands, and the Man to say after him, *I Charles take thee Hannah*, &c. which he did, and afterwards the Woman the same. Then desiring the Woman to put her Ring upon the Book, he gave it to the Man, and being order'd to put it on her fourth Finger, he did so, and said after him as usual, *With this Ring, I thee Wed*, &c. After which, the Marriage was declared according to the Rubrick; *Forasmuch, as Charles and Hannah*, &c. All this was spoke, and performed in *English*, and he believes without the least Deviation, from the form prescrib'd in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, not only because he is well acquainted with the Words, and has Married Hundreds, but had the *Latin* before him to assist his memory. The Prayers that follow, with the Exhortation, were pronounced in *Latin*: The first with the Solemnity of Kneeling, and the other Standing. In this Marriage, there was wanting the Regularities of a Gown and a Church, but these are no great matter; That which troubles him most is, that he should out of Friendship to so little and insignificant a Person, be perswaded to do it in *Latin*, under the Notion of a Priest; and though he declares he never thinks of it without Sorrow and Regret, and shall be oblig'd to repent it as long as he lives; yet this hinders not the Validity of the Marriage, since all the Essentialls of *Matrimony* were perform'd in *English*. The Judges upon the Bench, declar'd it a good Marriage, and I believe, there is no Body of Understanding in Affairs of this Nature, that will be of another Opinion: And therefore I shall pass it by to relate what follows.

Immediately after their Marriage, they both took up their Lodging at *Greener's*, and the first thing he did to get a penny, was to enter himself a Player in *Minn's Booth* at *Black-Heath*, where he acted the part of a Fool or *Merry Andrew*, but he was not the right *Merry Andrew* neither, for he had no more but the poor Salary of 8 s. per Week. However, this he brought constantly to his Wife, who, as mean as he now thinks her, was offended at so scandalous an Undertaking. After this Expedition, they went into the Country by *Toster-Carrier*, and from thence walk'd two or three Miles to her Aunt's, where they were made Welcome, and an Horse was lent him, and a Guinea put into his Pocket, to go see his Friends in *Staffordshire*, from whence he return'd sooner then was expected, for he staid but two or three Days, either by reason of the Poverty of his Friends, or his ill Behaviour. When he came back, they staid at her Aunt's five or six Weeks, till by Filching, Lying, and Beating his Wife, they became weary of him. However, before they went, his Wife prevailed so far upon her Aunt, that she lent him 6 l. upon Bond. He has been since Arrested for it, and Compounded it for two Guineas, which he has paid. After their return, they Lodg'd at a *Frenchman's* in *New-street* in *Covent-Garden*: And after that, at *Mrs. Pages's* near the *Pound* in *St. Giles's*; and though he Reviles this Woman in his Pamphlet, (for all are *Whores* and *Rogues* that Swear against him) yet upon Examination, it will be found that there is not any Woman of clearer Reputation in all the Neighbourhood then she. After that, this poor Woman went to Service, and he always caus'd her to be turn'd away, either by forbidding the People to keep her, or by beating her so intollerably that she could not stay. This course of Life he held with her, till such time as he got a Service at my Lord *Weymouth's*, and then he absconded, and would not be known: And perhaps she had never sought for him, had she not been perswaded by some of her Friends to Sue him for Maintanance, because of the great appearance he afterwards made.

In the mean time, he gives out that he was never Married to her, and it touch'd her so much to the Quick, that she used all the diligence in the World to find out *Hollingworth*, and coming to him, with some Friends, inform'd him what was said, and begged him to do her so much Justice, to inform her how her Affairs stood as to that Point.

Hollingworth with a great deal of Sorrow, confess'd the whole proceeding; but however, satisfi'd her that the Marriage was good, notwithstanding its Irregularities, and that when occasion should serve, he would for the Vindication of Truth, justify it. However, some Years pass'd before she did it, but at length she Arrested him: He put in Bail to the Action, and

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and meeting with *Hollingsworth* in *Covent-Garden*, beat him in such a manner, that he was forced to Sign Releases, and give a Bond of 100 l. Penalty, for Security that he would not justify the Marriage. Afterwards he takes out a Warrant against her, for taking up Goods, (as he pretended) and passing under his Name, and bringing her before Justice *Marshall*, he committed her to *New Prison*. She was Bail'd before Justice *Smith*, and he threatned him horribly, but did nothing, nor appear'd at the Sessions against her. Upon the approach of the next Sessions, he met her in the Street, and beat her so unmercifully, that he was like to Kill her; and thereupon she Petition'd the Justices at *Hicks's-Hall*, and procured a Bench-Warrant to take him up, but he kept out of the way, till the Sessions was over, and could not be found. And seeing *Hollingsworth* was the Sole Evidence of the Marriage, he found out an Expedient to Ruin him, By means of an Act of Parliament which had lately pass'd, making it Treason to be ~~in~~ in, or to Correspond with *France*. Now therefore thinking himself sure, he obtains a Warrant of High Treason from Sir *Edward Clarke*, a Justice of the Peace in the City; *Hollingsworth* was inform'd of it, and kept out of the way, but he Triumphant in his Power, search'd the House where he Lodged, with great Fury, three or four times, and once believing he had found him, run his naked Sword into his Bed. He likewise search'd Mrs. *Criswell's* House near *Shoreditch* for him, with a Constable, and his drawn Sword five or six times, with that Violence, that he frighted the People of the House, and Minutely searching every Trunk for Papers, some things were carried clear away: At length, enquiring at one Mr. *Weekley's* a Tobacconists near *St. Dunstan's Church*, he was informed, that he was just gone out of the Shop, and happening upon him, as he was coming out of the *King's Head Tavern*, at the Corner of *Chancery-lane* into *Fleet-street*, he seiz'd him, and because he struggled, cryed A Traitor, a Traitor, and People coming in, he was carried into a Room, and secur'd: *Newey*, sent for Mr. *Hatcher*, who was so civil to moderate the Matter; but after all, *Hollingsworth* could not escape, till he had given a Paper under his Hand that he never Married them. But this it seems was not judged sufficient; for about a Week after, he met him passing through *Fountain-Coart* in *Lincoln's Inn*, and seiz'd him again, and because he struggled a little, began to call the Mob: *Hollingsworth* knowing the ill consequence of a Mob, told him, There was no occasion, for he would go along with him, and he carried him to Mr. *Hatcher's* Chamber, and told him he must swear what he had Signed, before a Master in *Chancery*. *Hollingsworth* was amazed, and so thoroughly frightned, that he knew not what to do: But at last, considering that he had no way to get out of this unhappy Trouble, but by complying with him, that of two Evils, the least was to be chosen; and that he had better swear it, than go to *Newgate*, and perhaps be Hang'd into the bargain; he went before a Master in *Chancery*, and accordingly making an Affidavit, did believe he should be quiet, after so much Persecution and Trouble, which he had suffered upon this Account. But it did not prove so, for he Quarrell'd with his Brother and Sister, and as ye have heard, and endeavouring to take away their Lives, by Lyes and false Witnesses, they Indicted him for Crimes that were true, and among others for having two Wives. *Hollingsworth* who had lain Dormant for some time, was again sought after, and refused to appear the first Sessions, resolving never to meddle any more in a matter which had created him so much Trouble, and run him into so many Dangers. But the Sessions after, he could not escape, though he did what he could to avoid it; for they not only serv'd him with a Subpoena, but took out my Lord Chief Justices Warrant to secure him, till such time as the Tryal should come on.

This is really the Truth of the whole Matter, and what was sworn in Court; and now, let all the World judge, what reason *Newey* has to complain of the Perjury of *Hollingsworth*, when this Oath was extorted in so forcible a manner. If Force destroys the Validity of an Oath, as all the World does acknowledge it does; there never was a greater and plainer put upon any Man, unless it were by a Thief on the High-way. Princes themselves, both in *England* and other Countries, have frequently had Oaths impos'd upon them in Prison, or other Distresses, which have always been judg'd invalid and of no force. I will only mention one Instance fresh in Memory; *Charles* the Second, after his Father's Murder, was called into *Scotland*, and Crown'd King, and took that Oath which we call the *Covenant* in a Solemn manner, at *Edinburgh*; and yet, when he came to be Restor'd to his Kingdoms, he took so little notice of it, that he immediately Establish'd the Episcopal Government in *Scotland*, nor does any Man object it as the least Crime against him. And therefore the Judge, when he came to sum up the Evidence on both sides, Affirmed, That *Hollingsworth's* Oath being forced and extorted, signified nothing at all, and was to be regarded only, as if nothing had been done.

There is another Perjury assign'd upon him, by the Affidavit of *Elizabeth Charlton*, which is meer Forgery, and a perfect Cast of his Office. It is very easy to procure Affidavits of this nature, and he has not found any difficulty in making one Man forswear himself in three Places, in the same Cause or Business. *Hollingsworth* has Log'd in one Place this two Years, and the People of the House know all his Acquaintance, which are but few, and if she was us'd to be sent of his Errands, they must certainly know her. He himself never knew, or heard of any such Person; and if he can prove by the People of the House, Lodgers, or any other

Good

Good and Authentick Evidence, that such a Person us'd to come to him, and is of his Acquaintance, I am contented to be his Bond-slave for ever.

He has a very great Spite against this *Hollingsworth*, and he has sufficiently tasted it already; and here he gives him another Cast of his Office: But it is like himself, full of Nonsense and Contradiction. He says, he was Branded in the Shoulder in *France*; and yet with the same Breath affirms, that he there saw him receive *Priests Orders*. Do's *France* give Orders to Branded Rogues? Thou silly Numpskul, can any one imagine they have so little Sense, to bestow such Sacred Institutions upon Persons publickly Scandalous, and in so eminent and notorious a Manner? As for the Branding, it lies in his power to convince thee of Falshood at any time, and 'tis none of his fault, if the Court would not receive an Ocular Demonstration. As for the *Priests Orders*, I fancy there's a Plot in't, and he has a mind to catch him once more upon an Act of Parliament. He has mist Hanging him hitherto, and now he has a mind to get 100 *l.* and Imprison him during Life. 'Tis better to play at small Game than stand out. But I fancy he will miss of his aim in this too; For he walks the Streets without Fear, and is in no Apprehension, unless *Jones*, or *Elizabeth Charleton* should come against him. He is so far from having receiv'd *Priests Orders*, and abjuring his Religion in *France*, that he had a Wife living at that time, and it is well enough known that he deserted his Religion in *England* a long time before; and it was much about the time you beg'd about, and liv'd upon the Black Guard. He has deserted his Religion in *England*, as you have done your Colours in *Germany*, and as yet (for any thing I can see to the contrary) he may be as good a *Protestant*, as you a *Soldier*.

As to the Marriage of *Ferreur*, he makes *Mole-Hills Mountains*, and things that signifie nothing, of great and wonderful Importance. For he imagines, after his most silly and ridiculous Fancy, that because *Ferreur* was absent, and the Certificate and Indictment differ'd in a single Letter, (one being *Ferreur* and the other *Ferrer*,) that therefore he had hard measure that he did not come off clear, and escape the Punishment of his Crime: At this rate, few Criminals would be punish'd, and very little Justice done in any Kingdom or Nation whatsoever. There was Evidence enough and to spare, that he was the Person, not only by a Certificate taken out of the Church-Book, Sign'd by the Minister of *Lynn Regis*: but by his own Confession and Acknowledgment before the Recorder of London, Justice Iretton, Mr. Turner and others. His Foundation is only Trick, and it will serve him to make a noise with the Mob, who understands as little Law as he; But it is of no importance at all, to Persons Skill'd in the Law, or otherwise of Sense and Discretion. And upon the whole proceeding, there was more Evidence as to many particulars, that were in Court, and were not by the Council, thought necessary to be call'd; so that there is hardly any Tryal that had occasion for clearer Proof. He is angry that *Jones* was call'd to prove that he was to pass for *Goodridges's* Husband, and that she was to Poyson him, &c. But what is this to the purpose? It signified nothing at all, nor does it so much as touch the matter in hand; which was, that he himself was Married both to *Goodridge* and *Ferreur*. It is very Comical, to see what a pretty parcel of Names he bestows upon the Evidence against him, calling them Lousy Greasy Rogues, Starving Indigent *Varlets*, that have not Credit in the World for a *Brumigham-Groat*; whereas, there is not only one, but several of the Evidence, that are of more Value and Reputation in the World, than either he, with the Portions of all his Wives, or all his Generation put together, were ever worth. But to give him his due, he is not much more civil to the Court than the Evidence; for he calls them a Court resolv'd to Ruin him. In another place, he calls them a Damn'd Court and Jury, and all along treats them with such a Character, as if they were, in effect, *Aparcel of Rogues*, that were all Combin'd against him, and no manner of Justice to be had from them. But however, the Comfort is, his Tongue is no Slander; and if it were, all the Women that he has any acquaintance with, would be blasted in their Reputations, and the Government it self would receive an Injury by his most Scandalous and Malicious Reproaches. In my Opinion, his ill Word is a real kindness to any Person, because his Shatterbrain'd Folly and Indiscretion, lays him open to any Body in a little time, and when he is once known, no Body afterwards will believe one Word he says.

He makes a mighty Noise about his Sisters Affidavit, that he told her he was the Person who had hung the Gallows in Mourning, upon the Death of Queen *Mary*. He thinks she is forsworn, because the Word sure is in the Affidavit: He that understands not Grammar, is easily mistaken in Words; He believes the Word sure relates to the Fact, whereas it relates to the Confession. Poor Man! he understands not the Acception of Words, of various and different Signification, unless it relate to Bullying, and in that too, he always comes off by the worst; unless it be with Women, Witness one *Jones* an *Irish* Man, who us'd to kick him up and down, and pull him by the Nose in a publick Coffee-House.

Another Noise he makes is, That he had no share of what was left by his Father. He would make the World believe that his Father was some Mighty Man; whereas, God knows he was but a poor Bellows-maker, that Married a Wife from *Brumigham*, with whom he had 60 *l.* This Money he laid out upon a Reversion of 16 *l.* per Annum for two Lives. 'Tis true, he was Careful and Industrious, but was (however) of a Weak and Consumptive temper.

His Wife was Strong enough, but given to Drink, and a little suspected for Incontinence; however, things went well enough while he liv'd, which was not very long, for he Dyed of a Consumption, leaving only two Sons, *John* and *Joseph*: To these he left what he had by Will, but his Wife being desirous to come in for part, declared she was with Child, when he was upon his Death-Bed. This offended the Husband, insomuch that he affirmed publickly that it could be none of his, since he had not known her for a long time before. This is easy to be Credited, because of his great Weakness; Yet, however, she made good her Word, tho' not till three quarters of a Year after her Husband's Death, when she was brought to Bed of this *Charles*, as 'tis suppos'd by a Thatcher, with whom she had a Love Intregue. After this she Married a Nailor, by whom she had four Children, and they liv'd so very poorly, that they were not able to keep them, for two of them were Starv'd, and Dyed in a Stable, and the other two (a Boy and a Girl) are now living some where about *Turnball-street*: They are very poor Wretches indeed, the Boy serves Swine, and the Girl follows Milk-women. This Scarecrow of a Boy, as he calls him, was brought into Court, to confute his Eternal Vanity of being Born a Gentleman, when indeed his Pedigree is not so good as this Scarecrow's; for he at least had an Honest Father, and he only the Son. Such was his Birth, and his Breeding was Correspondent; For they were neither able to bestow Learning upon him, nor hardly Stockings, Shirts, or Cloaths, that would cover his Nakedness; and how should it be otherwise, when they were fain to Pawn Shovel and Tongs, or any thing for a Loaf, which when it came, signified little more than a Pound of Butter among a Kennel of Dogs. One time the young *Bastard* deserv'd the Slash, when he went with his Mother to Market, and she bought a Sheeps-head for *Sundays* Dinner; When Drinking her Market-Penny, she fell asleep in a Ditch, while he gather'd Haws, and suffer'd it to be Stole, and the Feast was turn'd into a Fast, to the utter disappointment of the whole Family. Such was our *Hero*, and such his Birth; and yet he has so uncureable a Rattle, and so great a Fondness for the Extraction of a Gentleman, that one would think his Father got him in a Windy Season, immediately after he came from Work on the top of a Barn. Poor unfortunate Mrs. *Ferreur* must be call'd the Captain's Lady, and *Jones* must send a Letter to him of his own Composing, by the Name of an Esquire; and when he pretended to be Rob'd in *Norfolk*, and Sue the Country for the same, he sends a Letter to his Brother, ordering him to put it into the *Gazet*, That the Honourable Captain *Charles Newey* was Rob'd of so many *Exchequer Notes*, &c. In *France* he gave himself the Title of a Knight, sometimes of a Lord's Younger Brother, discarded for turning *Roman Catholic*; sometimes his Brother was a Parliament Man, and his was so Obscure, that tho' the *English* scorn'd him for his Manners, they were none of them able to contradict him. Well, as to his Gentility, he is irrecoverably Tardy, that's certain; but for Lying, he might venture to ingage against any Man in *England*, if he had but the faculty of laying them a little better together: 'Tis pity, for as he has order'd Matters, there is now hardly any Man that knows him, that will believe him in trivial Matters; Nay, sometimes tho' he happens to tell the Truth.

But after all, his Capital fault is Vanity, and to this all his other Vices are as Subservient as the lesser Devils to *Lucifer*. He that's fond of respect, and has neither Worth nor Reputation to command it, must of necessity impose upon the World, and endeavour to make them believe what he is not: And tho' he may succeed now and then with some sort of People, yet they will not fail to discover him in a little time, and not only laugh at him themselves, but render him Ridiculous to others. Indeed, there is nothing renders a Man so silly as excessive Vanity; and in this he is so intollerable, that he constantly renders himself uneasy, and ungrateful to Conversation, and the Laughing-stock of the Company as soon as he is absent; and for my part, I could never meet with any Man that gave him a good Word, that was not of his Gang, and ingag'd by his Interest to do it. This Fault is so Natural and Inherent, that no Morals will ever be able to cure him. No Man can exert Powers that he has not; And tho' this Humour will always render him odious, yet in him 'tis unavoidable, and all the Education in the World would not mend it. Empty Vessels always sound high, and he that's born with a Rattle in his Brain, will make a noise as long as he lives. To this *Belzebub* of an Idol, he will not fail to Sacrifice all things, whether Sacred or Profane. This Nonsensical Pride and Vanity, has made him deny his Brother an hundred times, and it would make him deny his Father upon occasion, as much as he has done that Scarecrow of a Brother in the open Court. Who can forbear laughing at the little Trick he puts upon the World, as if *Count Tallard* should give him a Thousand Pound. Poor silly Fellow! Do Eagles catch Flies? Why should *Count Tallard* give him such a Sum of Money? There can be no Reason assign'd, unless it be for dabling in a Ditch at *Rhinfield*, when others went on boldly to the Attack: Alas, poor Fool! he no more knows thee than the farthest Man in *Rome*; and if he did, and thou wert in his power, he would rather give thee a Gallows, the proper reward of Cowardise, than any other thing. Another Instance of this, is, when he tells us what a noise he makes, not only in *England*, but in all *Europe*: It is a Wonder he has not been in the *Foreign Gazette* already; sure it will come, and when it does, cannot chuse but be extremely diverting. What a Rattle is here? I shall quickly begin to think this Fellow has no Brains at all, but only a Bladder in the room, fill'd with Wind and a few Beans. What a Dust does this Fly make, upon

a Cart-Wheel? All *Europe*, quoth he, what a Swinger is here? Why, vain Boaster, if thou wert hang'd at *Tyburn*, even *France* and *Holland*, our next Neighbours, would no more regard it than the hanging of a Dog; and I question whether the Ballad-makers of *Grub-street* would so much as honour thy Funeral with a Pitiful Dirty. Thou art in the Road on't, and may'st come to Preferment in time, having already deserv'd for thy Thefts alone, as shall quickly be shewn in Print.

He tells the Story of his taking, like a Blockhead, that is to say, *Nonsensically*, but yet he would have us to believe, that he acted like a *Hero* upon that occasion. He tells us, He resisted forty Men; In a little time we shall have him murder Giants, and vanquish whole Armies, but it will be only like those of Don *Quixote*, compos'd of a Wind-Mill and a Flock of Sheep. Had he been taken in the Street, or the open Field, there had been some possibility; but to be taken in a Chamber by forty Men: For shame, prithee lye so, as People may lye by thee. I have told him on't before, but he keeps no measure upon the Theme of his Valour and Gentility. For after all, there was but two Men at the taking of him, besides the *Constable* and *Beadle*; and at last a poor Tayler seiz'd him, notwithstanding he was arm'd with Sword and Pistols.

That he did resist, is certain; for he assaulted Mr. *Turner* upon an old Grudge after he was taken, and his Head had been broke for't, had not the Taylor defended him, as *Trulla* did *Hudibras*, one of his Brethren, and warded off the blow.

I cannot but laugh to think what a deal of Work I should have, if I should take notice of all the Nonsense, Impertinence, Errors, and false Colours, in this silly Pamphlet. The Truth on't is, my Fingers itch to be at it, but the Persons for whom I am concern'd, will not bestow Printing and Paper upon any more than their own just and necessary defence. Certainly there never was such a Rhapsody of Stuff seen or heard of, such a Hotch-potch of Lyes, fililly and ridiculously put together; and if I should take it asunder, and put it under a nice Examination, it would be found, there is hardly one true word in the whole Pamphlet; but since I am confin'd to four Sheets, I have only told the Truth of the Story, and hinted at some few things, which he shall have more at large another time.

'Tis not unworthy to take notice of that silly Foppery, of his Sisters being troubled with Spirits. He says, She cannot sleep for things she fancies she sees. A very pretty business, she must be troubled with Spirits about doing Justice to a Rogue that would have hang'd her. But he says, She is troubled about making her Sister, her Sister's Husband, her Maid, and the poor Boy, forswear themselves. For my part I cannot imagine why she should be troubled about the Boy, for he was not sworn at all, nor nothing ask'd him, but what concern'd this Mushroom of a Captain's Pedigree; and as for the rest, they were neither sworn, nor had any occasion, except the Sister, and she indeed swore the Peace against him, for bearing her with a Child in her Arms, which was thereby so frighted, that it fell into Fits immediately, and died in a little time after. But if there be any Spirits to trouble People's Repose, or if he had any sense of Conscience or Religion, or even of common Modesty it self, one would think he should be afraid, and especially after a legal Conviction, of uttering such horrid Imprecations as these: *If ever I did engage, set on, or promise to give Ten Guineas to Edward Jones, alias Ambrell, alias Clement, to swear against my Sister Newey, may I be Eternally Damn'd; and if I did not lend my Brother Deceas'd the 105 Guineas in dispute, in the presence of Sarah Laply and John Ball, and had his Note for them, or may all the Curses of this World, and the other light upon me; if ever I was Married to Hannah Goodridge by Hollingworth or any other, may the Hottest place in Hell be my Lot. And I do, and will expect from Almighty God, the Vindication of my Integrity and Innocency.* These are such Expressions as would make a modest Man Tremble, and do plainly argue him to be the greatest Villain in the World. But he would fain be a Gentleman, and all this arises from a false Notion, that these things are below a Gentleman's Consideration, and that in reality, there is no such Places as *Heaven* and *Hell*. He believes you may play with Religion, and all things Sacred, as Children do with Rattles, and when you are weary with them, you may throw them away. Oh thou impious Miscreant, let this never be forgotten, as the most daring piece of Impudence that ever Wretch was Guilty of. I am very much afraid, that leap in the Dark which thou so much despisest, will prove a Tremendous leap into those Flames and Torments which have no end.

He makes a stir about his Sister's sending four Men to him with a Paper to Sign in *Newgate*. *Here's a great Cry, and a little Wool.* Mr. *Turner* and two or three more went to him to Sign a Bill of Sale, for some Goods at Pawn, in which were a Silver Tankard of Mrs. *Newey's*, and some things of his. He has formerly desir'd her to take these things out of Pawn, pay her self, and send him the rest. But now the thing may be done, he is not willing, unless the Bill be worded just after his own manner. However, this happens luckily, and it will serve him to make a Noise, and that's as much as he cares for. Good Mr. *Positive*, why so hot for so small a Matter? If her Tankard must lie there, your Goods must do so too; and there's an end of the Business.

There is none of his Wives that he has not us'd with the greatest Cruelty and Barbarity. He Marrieth one *Jones*, Daughter to Dean *Jones*, a Divine of great Worth, by one *Smith* a Priest, and he liv'd with her at her Father's, till finding him a Rogue, he turn'd them both

out of Doors. This Gentlewoman was young and pretty, and yet he beat her most intolerably. She was flexible and good Natur'd, inasmuch that when all was gone, she ran in Debt by all the Methods she could, to support him. But he pretending fear of an Arrest upon her Account, caus'd her to swear her Marriage before a Master in Chancery, and quickly after to be thrown into the Marshalsea for Debt, where he loaded her with an Action of 1000 l. for passing under the Name of his Wife. She languish'd a whole Twelve Month in Prison; but at length got out by proving her self his Wife. In the mean time to be rid of Smith, he gave in an Information of High Treason against him, and caus'd him to be seiz'd by a Messenger, and when he was in Custody; had the Impudence to tell him, It was Jones had inform'd against him. He was no sooner out, but to avoid the attempts of this Villain, he immediately left the Kingdom.

Before this, he fell in League with Mrs. Harper, Sister to Sir Humphrey Edwin at Bristol, and he spent her Money like Lightning, for he made a Ball at the Bath, which Cost him 100 l. for no other reason but to make himself a Fool. She had very rich Gloaths and Jewels, besides her Money, and when all was spent, he got her to Sign Releases, under Pretence of setting her Hand to a Letter, that was to go to a Friend of hers for some Velvet, and then in a Day or two, turn'd her away.

The other Day he sent his Commission of a Lieutenant (for that's all he can pretend) to be view'd by the Lord Mayor, and being there on Friday, June 28. I had the fortune to see it. 'Twas sign'd Louis, but may be counterfeit for all that; but suppose it really obtain'd at Versailles, as he pretends, he must go into Germany to possess the Place, and when he came there, he must stay for a Vacancy; for it is no way credible that so brave a Soldier as my Lord Montcalm, and so careful of his Regiment, would displace an old Officer, to make way for one that never made a Campaign, and whose Valour he could not without Trial be assur'd of. The French had given him a Commission, which was only a puff of Air, or like Diego's Will, an Estate when he could catch it; and my Lord, who was not to be Funn'd with false pretences of Family, or insignificant Commissions, took no regard, but gave him a Musket, and he handled it in such a manner, that in a little time he became ridiculous to all the Regiment. For my Lord going to an Attack at Rhinfield, this Newey, who was one of the Soldiers, slipt into a Ditch, and lay padding there till they were compell'd to retire. My Lord happen'd to come that way, and wonder'd what was the matter, when Newey call'd out to him, and told him he was wounded. My Lord gave Orders to carry him to the Surgeon, who when he came to dress him, could find no Wound at all. Newey begg'd him to conceal the Matter, but he durst not; and therefore being reprimanded by my Lord, and jeer'd at by the Regiment, his Desertion was the Natural Consequence.

There is a Letter in the Hands of a Person of Quality, that affirms this and much more, and as soon as thy Life is wrote, thou shalt have the whole, with such apparent and uncontestable Evidence, that thy Father, if he were alive, should not be able to doubt the Truth of it.

This Fellow, who complains so much of the Prepossession of the Court in favour of his Enemies, and against every thing that could be said for him, is so unreasonable to affirm that the Matter was thus: That whether the Evidence was true or false, credible or incredible, possible or impossible, it came all to a point. A very impudent Assertion this same, and yet this Rogue has nothing but Lyes and Perjuries to support him. However, he never did an honest thing in his Life, nor I dare say never will, if he can help it. All his business now is to send little Emisaries to Trapan the Evidence. Mrs. Newey has had several little Tricks put upon her, sometimes by Threatnings, and sometimes by Traps. Goodridge, Newey's Wife, Mrs. Newey's Sister and Hollingsworth, have had several sham Messengers, with some idle Pudence or other to talk with them, but have escap'd hitherto, except Hollingsworth, who fell into a Snare about a Week ago; for happening to have some difference with Mrs. Newey about this Copy, it was carried to Newgate by a Female Spy, who is a Neighbour, and one of his Friends. And the next Day he sends a Flea-bitten Newgate-Bird, who passes for a Washer-woman, and found Hollingsworth at Work in his Laboratory. He took her for a Patient, and went out to speak with her, and tho' he us'd her with the utmost contempt, when he understood her business, yet she went to my Lord Mayor, and Swore he had confess'd to her, that he had Perjur'd himself in Newey's Tryal. Upon this, he was taken up by a Warrant, and brought before my Lord, who was so civil, that tho' he bound him over to appear at Guild-hall, yet he took his own Word for his appearance. It happen'd well, that there was a Chyrurgeon with him in his Cellar, seeing his Operations, who will Testify that he was not absent a Minute, and return'd very angry at the Villany of Newey. And indeed, such base Practices are enough to anger any Body; but 'tis certain he deserves a Slabbering-Bias, if he should discover Matters of such Consequence to a Stranger, if they had been really true. But he is in no Apprehension, as long as so just and worthy a Lord Mayor, and so Noble and Generous Sheriffs preside in the City. And upon this occasion, I cannot but take notice of the great Blessing, this Vast and Populous City has in Sir Charles Duncomb, whose Generous Mind will not suffer an Honest Poverty to go unreliev'd, nor oppress'd Merit to want a Reward. He has clear'd that the Orisons are a blow, and now there's hardly a Week passes, but he clears some Body or other. Cardinal Montalto was Famous for Charity at Rome; but I believe this Gentleman, since he enter'd upon that Post, has outdone him. And 'tis the more remarkable, in regard that he does not dispose of vast Ecclesiastical Promotions, design'd for Charity, but of his own Estate, got for the most part by himself. The success which has Crown'd his Endeavours, has procur'd him great Riches, but he is so far from setting his Heart upon them, that he surpasseth them by much in the greatness of his Soul; A Composition which rarely happens in one and the same Person.

I have only one Word to offer concerning Mr. Allen. He thinks, because he has Married his Sister, the World ought to make it for granted, that the Practices he throws upon him at those Tryals are Truth. Nay, tho' it were not only false, but before their Acquaintance. He has made it out, that he had another Wife at the first of his Tryals: His Answer is full as to that point, and contain'd in a Half Sheet, call'd Allen's Vindication, &c. As to other Matters, he will Vindicate himself.

ADVERTISEMENT

W Hereas the Life and Confession of Charles Newey is now Writing, To the end it may be Compleat, all

